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From the Portland Argus.

Repeated enquiries having been made of us
in relation to the opinions of Mr. PARKS upon
certain points, we thought it advisable, in con-
nection with the gentlemen whose names are
appended thereto, to address him the following
letter. Mr. PARKS was absent from Bangor for
three weeks after the letter was written—
immediately after his return, he forwarded the
reply which is subjoined, and which we think,
will prove entirely acceptable to those who,
for want of knowledge of his views, may have en-
tertained doubts of their orthodoxy. It will be
perceived, at a glance, that Mr. PARKS's views
of the currency square with those which are the
foundation of the policy of the administra-
tion, and are such as are entertained by the de-
mocracy of the State and Nation. He is for
taking a firm stand in favor of a specie currency
for the ordinary transactions of life, without fa-
voring the "chimerical scheme of an exclusive
metallic currency," or the still more-to-be-de-
preciated federal currency exclusively of paper.
He does not entertain those agrarian doctrines
which have been ascribed to him by the federal
party, for the purpose of arraying the business
community against him. He is for moderate,
but firm measures—for saying to the money-
power thus far shaketh thou go and no farther—
and for protecting the rights of the people a-
gainst its insidious encroachments. He takes
the precise ground upon which every democrat
can meet him—and without yielding to either
extreme, he will command the support and con-
fidence of both. He is for respecting the rights
of all—for protecting rightful owners in the pos-
session of their property—and not for any of
those sudden changes in our financial policy
which must be productive of ruinous conse-
quences to almost every business man, without
benefiting any portion of the few who survive
uninjured—he will never become the instru-
ment of those who desire a change merely be-
cause it is a change, without caring whether or
not it will be beneficial to the community.

In relation to Regular Nominations, also, Mr.
PARKS is with the democratic party. He has
"always held them to be binding"—has always
supported them without exception, and main-
tained this principle [their validity] by example
as well as precept. When the democratic party
ceases to do as Mr. PARKS says he has "al-
ways" done—when any considerable portion of
its members shall refuse to the will of the ma-
jority fairly expressed, and to sustain those who
come before them regularly nominated for pub-
lic office—then we shall have reached an evil
day. Our only chance for political salvation is
in a firm and determined adherence to Regular
Nominations, without regard to private feelings
or grudge. It will never be possible to make a
nomination which will be altogether acceptable
to every body—we must all take our turns in
the way of making concessions—and it is not
possible for us to imagine a state of things in
which a democratic Convention would not pre-
sent a candidate greatly to be preferred to one
of directly opposite opinions. As every democrat
who neglects to go to the polls does as direct
a service to the federal candidate as if he gave
him his vote; and we will not suffer ourselves to
believe that any real democrat can be so far
warped from the true track, by private prej-
udices, as, at a time as important as the present,
to feed and clothe the enemy.

The line of conduct which Mr. PARKS has
pledged himself to, in the event of his election,
must be acceptable to all. He has no desire
to lend himself to any faction, but is deter-
mined to be governed by the wishes of the great
body of the party; and the paramount interests
of the State.

We confess that we feel a deep interest in
the result of the election which is now so near
at hand, and that we consider it of unsurpassed
importance to the democratic party. There is
every reason why it should be so considered—
it is our first State election since Mr. Van Bur-
ren came into the Presidency, and it occurs at
a time when the most active and unprincipled
efforts are making to put down the principles
which he placed in power to sustain. In
relation to these principles the opinions of the
people of this State have undergone no change,
and they are called upon by every incentive of
patriotism, to evince the fact to the world by
such an overwhelming majority as will effectually
silence those who are prating of changes
and re-actions, where none exist. The present
is a time when every democrat is emphatically
called on to do his duty—when there should be
no heart-burnings, no divisions in our ranks—
we need our whole strength, for never have our
opponents been more busy, more reckless, or
more determined. Every nook and corner of
the State has been ransacked, and they will
have every one of their men at the polls! To
counteract such efforts, requires some exertions

—the democracy must rouse from its slumbers,
gird on its armor, and fight the battle manfully
—the ascendancy once wrested from their hands
no one can answer for the period of its return.

PORTLAND, July 24, 1837.

Dear Sir,—As various and contradictory re-
ports are in circulation, in relation to your opin-
ion on the currency of the country, as well as
to your views of the obligation of individuals to
sustain regular nominations of candidates for
office—some asserting that you are for a cur-
rency entirely metallic, dispensing altogether
with paper, at once—that you do not hold regu-
lar nominations obligatory upon individuals—
and that, if elected, you would favor the pecu-
liar views of that portion of the party who have
not uniformly adhered to its usages—the under-
signed, desirous of avoiding division among
friends, if there is no just cause therefor, respec-
tfully request your opinions and views upon the
foregoing subjects.

Respectfully, your obed't serv'ts,
(signed)
H. W. GREENE,
A. W. H. CLAPP,
IRA CROCKER,
CHARLES HUNT.

Hon. GORHAM PARKS.

BANGOR, August 12th, 1837.

To H. W. GREENE,
A. W. H. CLAPP,
IRA CROCKER, and
CHARLES HUNT, Esqs.

Gentlemen,—I acknowledge the receipt of
your letter of July 24th ult.—Owing to my ab-
sence from home, it did not come to hand until
this morning.
In your letter you request my opinions and
views on several subjects, the first of which is
the currency—some asserting, to use your lan-
guage, "that I am for a currency entirely me-
tallic, dispensing altogether with paper, at once."
—Such, gentlemen, is not my opinion. If de-
sirable, it is not practicable. We must look at
this subject in the situation we are in as one of
the States of this Union, intimately connected
by relations both of a political and business char-
acter with the rest. We cannot at once change
from the present system to an entire specie cur-
rency, if we would. My wish is in the first
place to secure for the laboring and working
classes a currency which shall always be of sure
and equal value. This is the constitutional cur-
rency of gold and silver; the highest coin of
which is the eagle of ten dollars value. This
currency I wish preserved to the people, pro-
tected from the perpetual war which is made
upon it by the banks, in attempting to substi-
tute their small bills as a currency instead of it.
Securing this, I have no objection to banks
issuing bills for such greater amounts as may
prove useful to serve as a currency among that
class who denominate themselves business men,
and such others as may have occasion to use
sums of large amount, taking care that they are
made to be, what they purport to be, represen-
tatives of money.

The subject of the currency is one, which
may be extended to great length, I believe I
have said enough to answer your question.
In the second place, you enquire my opinion
as to the validity of regular nominations. I an-
swer, that I always have held regular nomina-
tions, fairly made by the democratic party, to
be binding on all its members. I have always
supported them without any exception, and
maintained this principle by example, as well
as precept.

With regard to the third query proposed to
me, I assure you gentlemen, that if I should be
elected to the place for which I am now pro-
posed, my most earnest endeavor will be to pro-
mote harmony in the democratic party, by heal-
ing divisions, acting kindly and gently towards
any sections of it, that may (no matter from
cause) have become separated from each other,
taking care that no set, or class of men are per-
secuted, discountenancing proscription, and en-
deavoring to know no man among us, in any
other light, or point of view, than as Democrat-
ic Republican, entitled to just so much weight,
and no more, as his integrity, talents, purity of
principle, and devotion to the great cause of civ-
il liberty, and our political opinions, as the great
means of obtaining and preserving it, ought to
give him.

With these views, you will perceive that I
should endeavor at least to be governed by no
set of men, but to be directed in all things, ten-
ding to advance the public good; in appoint-
ments to office, as in all other acts, by the great
voice of the people, and my own consciousness
of right.

I am, gentlemen,
with very great respect,
your obedient servant,
GORHAM PARKS.

The Portland Gazette of Wednesday last, is
very eloquent in deprecating attacks upon the
private character of candidates for office. It
says, "give us in preference (to such assailants)
the wild savage of the desert or the ferocious
cannibal of the un-civilized islands of the sea."
This language is strong, but just; and we are
glad that even at this late day, so much light
has been thrown upon the subject. Where was his
eloquence upon this point, when the savage

tomahawk of the slanderer was wielded so ruth-
lessly against the private characters of Jeffers-
on, Jackson, and Johnson—when the sacred-
ness of the domestic circle was invaded, and
the most venomous lies poured forth from week
to week by the federal press? Where was its
abhorrence of attacks upon private character
so late as two weeks ago, when the Kennebec
Journal and the Hallowell Chronicle were pro-
pagating and countenancing the vilest slanders
against Col. Parks, without the manliness to
make any tangible charge for which they could
be held responsible? Where, when charges of
the basest character were whispered from
mouth to mouth, against the same gentleman,
and scattered into every part of the State—the
very men who propagated them disclaiming
them altogether, as soon as traced home to them?
When the Gazette reads a homily to the Jour-
nal and Chronicle, and blackballs the federal
runners and Boston emissaries, whose mouths
are overrunning with calumnies against private
character, it may claim some credit for its sin-
cerity in deprecating such warfare.—Age.

From the Monthly Repository.

TRUE KNOWLEDGE.

Until the people of a country are taught to
reason on the moral and political events of the
past, rightly deducing the various lessons of
sound experience to be acted upon in the present
and progressively improved in the future; until
they have learnt to feel, as well as know, that
there is an inherent truth in nature that must over-
power all imposing forms of falsehood, ignorance,
injustice, and despotism, being its worst and most
common incarnations, until they are taught to
know and feel the duty of all human beings, to
elevate themselves in the scale of moral nature,
and strive "to live and move, and have their
being" as peers of the realm of mind; until they
know and feel that wisdom and fortitude build
up a more secure and lasting road to happiness
than place and pension, and that the works of
intellect possesses in reality what the deceived
imagination so long believed to be the birthright
of hereditary rank and external glory; until the
people are taught to know, and until they are
so far elevated as to feel without being taught,
that a pure religion of the heart is the mother
of all high thoughts and good deeds, and far re-
moved from the tall and vapid follies of a legal
church—the mother of priests and plunders; until
they become convinced, and unanimously
and constantly resolve to act on the conviction,
the second knowledge is the best wealth of nations,
and general happiness its only logical & humane
application, the people of a country cannot be
said to possess any real education, or constant
object of thought and action, that ever can, or
ought to lead them to permanent peace and
contentment of soul. The vast flood of things
rolls on, and many must be the wrecks before
the "safe arrivals" become general. The at-
tainment of moral and political rights, in the full
sense of the word, necessarily be slow, but the
certain result of indefatigable efforts. To be
patient on principle is to be strong in purpose;
to be constant in desire is to be great in sin-
cerity; to possess knowledge and energy is to
have all the requisite means, and the end will
be proportionate to the continuity. The fate
of humanity is in its own hands.

THRESH IT OUT, AND BRING IT IN. The
wheat harvest is already over in the Southern,
Western, and Middle States, and begun in our
own, and a more bountiful one, taken as a whole,
was never sovered upon poor breadeating
man. Now how is it, brother farmers? Are
you going to stack it and mow it away for the
squirrels and rats and mice to fatten upon? or
are you going to strike up the music of the flail
and the horse-power, and let us have a little of
your grain in the towns and villages, who are
looking to you with open mouths and hungry
stomachs for something to keep starve to death
from our premises? Out with it, and let us
have a little, to give the rest of us strength to
rejoice with you in the fullness of your Garner's.
Some of us have gone so long to New York
to mill, and paid such heavy tolls, that we are
drained of the little *lucra* we had, and some of
us who were too stuffy to do that, have joined
the "March of Intellect Starvation Society," and
fattened ourselves by snuffing at the "ghost
of a Tom Cod," and now then catching a
morsel of roast potato—a green pea or a bean
pod. Now if you have any bowls of compas-
sion, thresh out your wheat and bring it in.—
The first in the market gets the best price of
course, so that we hope your interest will back
up your benevolence, and prompt you to hush
in hushing the cry for bread.—Maine Farmer.

The most dangerous man in the world for a
young female to be acquainted with, is he who
sanctions or encourages ill feelings towards her
parents or relations. If a lovers intentions be
honorable, he will rather seek to make peace
than to increase strife, because he will feel that
in after years he may be in a situation to require
similar justice from others. There is no deceit
in a parent's love, and a parent's admonitions
are occasionally and necessarily severe, be-
cause their object is the permanent happiness of
their child. A lover's words are always gentle,
for his object is simply the temporary gratifi-
cation of the one addressed. How many are

there who listen only to the sweet accents of the
lover, and awaken from their error when it is
too late to repair it.

THE HIT PALPABLE. A few days since a
traveller stepped into a bank located in a vil-
lage in the neighborhood of this city, and im-
mediately after his entrance pulled off his hat,
coat and cravat; this done, he cast a look at the
cashier who was seated in a corner, calm as sum-
mer's morning, and with a commanding shake
of his head, said, 'Sir had'nt you better be get-
ting that ar water heated?' The teller informed
him that he was in the wrong shop. 'You are
in a bank, sir, not in a barber's shop.' 'A bank,
ha!' ejaculated the stranger, they told me it was
a shaving shop. [Western Hemisphere.

[From the New York Daily Express.]

THE IRISH SEIZURE.

SCENE I.

The cabin is small—the roof is partially un-
thatched—the light and the smoke have little
better than narrow hole of a foot square for the
entry of one, and the exit of the other; the
curves are burning hot and deadly, and there are
very few of them; but the pig has just littered
in the corner of the room; and though the
husband is ill of a fever in the other—whilst
the wife is obliged to leave him, to labor a few
hours in the fields, to get potatoes or butter-milk
to put in the mouths of three little ones—yet
the littering of the pig is their fortune; and if
her "poor husband" were but well again, he
thinks she could almost be merry!

There is such a delicious elasticity in the
Irish character! I have travelled many a long
mile on the roads and in the lanes of this rough
world of ours—and I have conversed very often
with the Frenchman, the Dutchman, and
Dane, the Swede, the German, the Prussian,
the Spaniard, the Portuguese, the Belgian, and
the Italian; but I never met with any compan-
ion half so amusing, or half so instructive—half
so witty, or half so true hearted—half so joy-
ous, or half so gay, as a regular true-born Irish-
man!! And now do not be after saying or
thinking, that I am an Irishman myself—for
on my word and honor as a gentleman, this is
not the case; but justice to whom justice is due,
is my motto—and I cannot, for the life of me,
refuse my offering of gratitude and praise to the
witty, generous, hospitable, and noble sons of
"Erin's Green Isle."

Well—but let us go back to our Irish cabin!
I have said that the littering of the pig was such
a "God send" of prosperity to that poor family
—that though the children were such young
"wee things," that they could only eat and cry;
and though the husband and father lay sick of
a fever in the same room as the sow with her
noisy brood, and as the three children, on their
straw mattress;—and though the mother and
wife was obliged to shut them all in for some
hours of each day, whilst she sought by the
sweat of her brow to gain a few turves, and
earn a few potatoes, to feed herself and her
little ones;—still, in spite of all, the family was
not fainthearted, and hope shone brightly on
the future!—Yes—for hope can gild the future,
even in an Irish Cabin!

But who is this severe, ill-looking, surly, un-
feeling fellow, who knocks at the cabin door,
during the absence of the mother and wife?
It is the Tithe collector, the Tithe agent!
"Two Shillings and Sixpence" is the demand!
The y have a little bit of land—little indeed;
but, small though it be, it is not tithe free!
It would not yield enough to feed one of those
dear little laughing children in the corner
of the floor—who are playing with straws picked
out of the mattress on which they sleep at night;
but it is not so small to be noticed by the Pro-
testant Irish parson! The eldest child turns
the wooden button—and the door is open!
The Tithe Collector is accompanied by the
Tithe Seizer. "He has called many times,
and cannot wait longer!" The husband pleads
that he is ill! The children just make the
ruffians understand, that their mother is out at
work in the fields! All this is useless! The
sow and her litter are spied out in the corner
by those myrmidons—and the Two Shillings
and Sixpence are assured! Yes—yes—the
parson may now sup on the hopes of the Irish
cabin! It is true, the cabin is left hopeless!
It is true, the parson is in no want of his supper!
But "the law must take its course!" Oh yes!
"the law must take its course!" And the sow
and the little pigs must all be sold to pay the
tithes, and the law expence!!

The mother and the wife returns to her
home! Her husband was better in the morn-
ing. She has worked hard all day, and cheer-
fulness has almost lightened up her face, as she
approaches her humble—most humble cabin!!
But her husband has relapsed—the sow and
the pigs have been seized and carried away, to
pay the tithes of the parson and the law ex-
pences; but a shilling or two are restored her—
her husband dies—she follows him in a few
days to the last cold home of a few feet of
earth—and the three pretty little ones are left
without father or mother, to sport unconsciously
in the cabin of their departed parents! This
is a picture of an Irish seizure!!!

SCENE II.

AN IRISH SALE.—"The people won't pur-
chase!!" Come—come, that is some consola-

tion! "The people won't purchase!" So
then the blanket may be taken from the bed of
the dying child;—so then the bed may be
seized on which the mother of a new-born babe
was reposing;—so then the broken legged chairs
and the tottering, rickety tables of the father of
a large family, in a small tenement, may be
seized and carried away to the sale room, to be
sold to pay Tithes to a parson who never saw
the parish of which he is Rector, and never ad-
ministered Christian consolation to either a Pro-
testant or Catholic member of his flock!!—Yes
—yes all this is possible—all this may be done;
—nay, gracious heavens! all this is done done,
and daily done, in the name of religion, and
under the mask of justice and the law! But
that Providence which never slumbers, and
never sleeps—which tempers the wind to the
shorn lamb—and which from seeming evil still
educes good—has defeated all these efforts—
has rendered vain all their boasting—for "THEY
WON'T PURCHASE!!" Oh, how vain indeed
was their boasting. As the merciless men
seized the goods and carried away!! They
predicted that the "TITHE FEAST" would soon
be held—that the chest would soon be filled—
that the purse of the proud parson would soon
be replenished—that the goods of the naked,
the widow, the famishing, and the fatherless,
would be sold and would fetch their price—and
the minister of the cross (the what! do I say?)
—no, the minister of Satan) would soon receive
the produce of the miseries wants, and sorrows
of his fellow parishoners!! But a new cry has
reached their ears—a decision has struck dis-
may into their souls—it is not the cry of an
army, or the decision of a Court at Law—but
it is the cry of the people—and it is their deci-
sion—"THE PEOPLE WON'T PURCHASE."

Take the following scene which occurred in
Dublin. It is by no means so sad, or so afflic-
ting a tale, as I could bring before you; but it
is a specimen of the resolution of the people.—
An Execution was issued against a Mr. Chris-
topher Ward, a highly respectable farmer, in
the county of Dublin! The prosecutor was
the Reverend Montague S. Short, Chaplain to
His Excellency the Lord Lieutenant, and Rec-
tor of the Parish of Clonmeath! The amount
claimed from Mr. Ward was £20.

The sub-sheriff, attended by a strong force
both of military and police, proceeded to Mr.
Ward's residence, and there seized an immense
quantity of valuable property, which was im-
mediately put up at auction! The first thing
offered for sale was a rick of oats, valued at
£100. It was put up at 10 shillings!! but not
a single bidder could be found in an assemblage
consisting of upwards of two thousand peo-
ple.

The trick of the Tories and of the parsons
was to seize a large amount of property—put
it up and sell it for next to nothing, in order to
injure Mr. Ward, and with the view of deter-
ring others from future resistance. But the
trick did not succeed! Out of 2000 persons,
not one scoundrel could be found, who would
bid even THE SHILLINGS for a rick of oats
valued £100!! No, no—the people knew it to
be, and felt it to be, an affair of principle!!

Finding it was impossible to procure pur-
chasers in the country, the sheriff determined
on removing every thing portable to Dublin!—
He accordingly seized four valuable horses, a
jaunting car, two carts, and harness, and pro-
ceeded in triumph to Dublin with his booty!
To insure a good attendance, and as they
thought a good sale, placards were posted all
over the city announcing that a Tithe sale was
to take place at "Summer Hill," and recom-
mending the people to attend!! They did so;
—oh yes the people were there in abundance
—but no purchase!!!

The Freeman's Journal supplies us with the
following particulars of the attempt at the sale,
which was held on the 4th November, at 3 o'-
clock in the afternoon, "in the rear of Johnny
Mc Crea's meeting house!" Read the follow-
ing description of the sale—and then thank God
that you are an American.

Mr. McDonnell, the sheriff and auctioneer,
with the deputy sheriff of the county by his
side, set up the jaunting car; in doing which
he addressed the assembly by saying—"Gentle-
men, I regret to say that this is a sheriff's
sale for tithes. I have but one course to pur-
sue—either to resign my situation, or to con-
duct this sale! (Hear, hear.) There is no
duty payable by the purchasers, as this is a
sheriff's sale."

Mr. Ward here presented himself, and at-
tempted to speak, but could not, in consequence
of the deafening cheers of the vast multitude.
After a minute or so, silence being established,
he said—"I beg leave to say a word or two;"
and then, addressing himself to the country-
men, "Boys, a great many of you know me—
and you cannot pay me a greater compliment
than by giving any one who chooses, an oppor-
tunity of coming forward to buy my goods,
which I wish to see fairly disposed of." (Cheers,
and cries of "back, and make room.") "Take
care that none of you give the slightest cause
for a breach of the peace, the police are here
—so take care of yourselves. I would rather
lose every penny of my property, than that one
man should be injured through any act of mine!
I don't care if the goods do not bring a shil-
ling, so long as they please; but I

The Baltimore Transcript says that he bet two to one (two turpins to a leg of mutton)

from the *San Francisco Democrat*.

Mr. CONDON.—When the deposits were removed from the old United States Bank, to her when the government ceased to deposit the public revenue in that Bank, in anticipation of the expiration of its charter—politicians favor their own ambitious views, set up the cry of distress, which was reiterated from one extreme of the Union to the other—and panic and nothing but panic, was the order of the day. The government had interfered with the currency it was said, and individual distress and suffering had followed. Business was paralyzed—our navigable waters had become waste and our canals a solitude. This cry at the currency and public distress, scarcity of money and prostration of business, was kept in spite of every evidence to the contrary.

The extraordinary receipts into the Treasury from increased and extended commercial operations, and purchases of public lands,

Too true.—Every election, if we may believe the whigs themselves, brings proof of a truth of what John Quincy Adams said of whig party a year or two ago, viz, that it "rotten with corruption!" Every time democrats make a successful inroad upon them (as lately in Mass.) the whigs cry out "Corruption was the order of the day!" "Gold triumphed over principle!" &c. &c. which

Authority. Plato, in his Dialogue on
perance, put this assertion in the mouth
Socrates:—'We should not consider by w
such a thing was said, but whether it be
and reasonable in itself. The Arabians
use of a proverb: 'Examine what is said,
him who speaks,'

improve the currency of the country, are

100

